

A name for a horse used to be Selim. There were Selims in all the neighborhoods. I do not at this time number any Selims on my list of friends but the name may still persist in the horse register for all that I know. The horse has had his nose put out of joint of late years. When the speed maniacs congregated in this day and time they talk about the tires and gas, and cylinders and things like that. But I can remember when they talked horse and the horse had a long run. We hear of Fortia in the Merchant of Venice complain: "He doth nothing but talk of his horse; and he makes it a great appropriation to his own good parts, that he can shoe him himself. I am much afraid my lady his mother played false with a smith." And I am much afraid that the horse which held its own from the time of the earliest recorded history has within the period of some twenty years lost most of its greatness.

Selim is reserved as a name exclusively for horses and I had figured out a theory as to the origin of the name that seemed to be a fair conjecture in accounting for its use. At one time the pride of the country was the Arabian horse called the Morgan after a famous horse breeder by the name of Justin Morgan, of Vermont. This was a medium sized horse of great speed, strength and endurance, and well suited to the mountains. The Morgan strain has been immortalized by Bret Harte in his stories of the Pacific slope and that in itself shows that they had spread from shore to shore. If this was the Arab then it is no violent assumption to presume that many of them received the name of Selim, for that was the name of the only Arabian who was ever intimate with the people of this section.

So far I have not been able to find out whether Selim had any other name or not, but he is remembered by the designation of "Selim, the Algerine." My father in his life time occasionally referred in his writings to this person but I do not find any other reference to him.

When I went over to Highland county the other day I pretended that I had an objective and I engineered a detour that brought us to Col. Lewis McClung's place on Bull Pasture river. He lives in a brick house facing the road. It was a fine Sunday afternoon. The house has a long porch. On it were gathered a group of persons, and just within the broad front door and framed by it was the finest sort of an old colored mammy seated in a low chair, separated from the white folks by a few inches of space and an imaginary line. You could not tell whether she belonged to the family or the family belonged to her. It was a pleasant picture.

I felt some hesitancy in breaking into that exclusive society but when on an automobile tour you are supposed to have your nerve with you and so we got out and broke into the front yard. I had seen the Colonel once before. It was about fifteen years ago and he was away from home. When we entered the front gate he rose from his chair and stood silent with his hand stretched out in welcome and that was a great picture with a great background, and standing so he waited until the visitors reached him.

So we, a party of five, joined the Sunday afternoon assembly and I took up a number of matters of historical interest after which I had been groping, and I found that he had an inexhaustible fund of historical knowledge and that he could read and interpret the signs that had been left by the course of events, a faculty that marks the true historian.

We talked about the fort established there in 1754 when the frontier of Virginia was being guarded against the French and Indians raiding from the West. This is Fort George and it is reasonably certain that the old Indian chief who lodged a complaint at the council at Easton, Pennsylvania, that a friendly party of Iroquois had been taken prisoners at Marlinton, referred to this fort. He said that they were taken two days' journey to another fort, and that means that it was either the Fort Dinwiddie on Jackson River or the Fort George on the Bull Pasture. The old chief said that was in 1755. Gen. Andrew Lewis was in charge of the garrison at Marlinton that year. Before reaching the fort "two days' journey" away two of the Indians were killed, and one taken prisoner, and the rest escaped to take the bad news home.

The Colonel said he had the lock of that old fort there and it was brought out. The bolt and springs and key were iron or steel, and the main body of the lock was made of very hard wood, a block some six by ten inches. The lock was in working condition. The historian explained that locks were unusual in that day and time, and that in the case of a fort the only object of a lock was to make the powder magazine safe from children or careless persons. And he added that there was a prize offered for anyone who could tell what kind of wood it was. I was like the poor boy at the frolic who was boasting that he could tell the different kinds of wood by the sense of smell, and said when they held the end of a cat up to him when he was blindfolded that it was yellow pine. But I had a recollection. I had heard of the lock before and that an expert had identified the wood. So looking no doubt like the cat that stole the cream, I offered to make a "guess" at it and said that it was English oak and that was accepted. I did not consider it essential to tell the congregation how come I said that, but I make the explanation now.

The Colonel has material for many books on the silent shores of his memory and I would not want any better recreation if I had a couple of years to spare and the privilege of using it, than to record that material for posterity. As I said before he not only knows the events but the meaning of them. And before I forget about it I want to submit a question as to the identity of two Pocahontas soldiers killed at or near Martinsburg in the Civil War. The Colonel was near a Pocahontas company in a battle when a cannon ball took off the heads of two soldiers and the rest of the company was so shocked and horrified at the terrible death that they shrank from burying them, and the Colonel and some others from a different company in the regiment gave the bodies burial in an orchard on a farm. He says that he has recently received word that those two graves are decorated each year and kept in good condition and that there is now interested inquiry as to the names of the soldiers. That he himself remembers that one was a Poage and the other a Thompson. There can be little or no question that one of the soldiers was William Poage who was killed at Jacks Shop in the manner described, but the identity of both is here referred to the country, that their names may be supplied to those who have watched over the resting place.

The Colonel would like to know also something of the subsequent history of a brave old Confederate spy, named Maggie Hart or Peggy Hart, released by his command from a war time prison in Nicholas county. Before the visit was ended I said: "Colonel, I came a long way to ask you a question: What about Selim, the Algerine?" "You mean, Selim the Algerine?" "Yes, the Algerine?" "Why they found him out in your country?" "And this is the story in substance: About the year 1780, a hunter by the name of Glens, a brother to a famous Col. Glives, was hunting in the wilderness on Elk River and at a place near the Big Spring, he came upon a man hid in a tree top. The man was naked, starving, and all but dead, but he was able to restore him and brought him to the settlements on the Cow Pasture river, some sixty odd miles east of the place where he was found. There he was taken in by Col. Dickenson. It is said that he was first taken to the home of Andrew Sitlington. This was a step great, great, great grandfather from whom I get my own name, and we have it down that he lived on the Greenbrier at that time, having lived at Marlins Bottom Clover Lick, and Dunmore after moving in from the Cow Pasture settlements.

The captive was a dark skinned man of pleasing appearance but no one could understand his language. After a time he was taken to the Old Stone Church settlement near Staunton, and the pastor of that church was the Rev. Mr. Craig, who was a French scholar, and when he addressed the stranger in that language it was understood and they soon had his story. The fact that the man understood the French language indicates that he was an educated, cultivated man. It appeared that he was a native of Algiers, of the Mohammedan religion. His name was Selim no doubt derived from suits of that name, Algiers being a Turkish possession down to 1830.

The French and Indian war having broken out Selim came to America as a French soldier and landed at New Orleans and came up that river and during the course of the campaign was taken prisoner by the Indians and brought to some Indian town in the interior. There was no Indian town at that time within the bounds of West Virginia. The Indians in the middle west were all with the French. There was an outlaw band of Indians at that time on the Ohio River known as Mingoes that were independent. Their town was at Mingo Bottom which is a few miles out of Wheeling. Anyway he was in some such Indian town, and might well have been with the Mingoes, for when he escaped he was found within a few miles of Mingo from whence the Mingoes had moved at or about that time and the trail must have been still well marked.

He said that while he had come from the South, that two women prisoners among the Indians had informed him that the nearest white settlements were to the east, and if these women prisoners were French, Fort Duquesne at Pittsburgh might have been indicated. He escaped and made his way as far as the head of Elk River when he was found by the hunter in a perishing condition. Under the ministrations of the Rev. Mr. Craig he accepted the Christian religion, and remained in the settlements on the Cow Pasture a considerable time.

After a time he left the mountains and made his way to Richmond where he was made much of by the people of that city, and a little later he was heard of in Philadelphia, where his picture was painted by some great painter. And then he went back to Algiers.

After being gone some years he came back to Richmond saying that his father had disowned and disinherited him because he had renounced the Mohammedan faith. He remained in the vicinity of Richmond the rest of his life and is buried in that city.

And that is the story of Selim, the Bey. You can take it up with Selim the Bey, and see if there is any kick. The next time I am in Richmond, I will try to get some more details as to this matter, and as Pollyanna says I have something to look forward to.

This is the second chapter of a trip to the Old State. And I want to complete the record this week. Davis Barlow travels by the thousand miles but I never yet had got even one thousand miles away from home and the circle narrows as I get older. But living as I do about eighty-four miles from the Natural Bridge, and never having seen it, and having a day to spare as I thought, we went on to that point of interest. And when I got there I found that all that I had read or heard had not given me the correct idea of this great span, often listed as one of the seven wonders of the world. This list was made out before the days of Henry Ford and no doubt he is entitled to one of the places in the first

seven and he may have jarred the Natural Bridge loose. But be that as it may, every body living in walking distance of the Natural Bridge ought to see it once and I put it off too long. There is so much grandeur in the mountains of Pocahontas County that I do not think that any native son is going to be overawed by any natural structure. He will get a greater thrill by the awful face of the ocean for that is something so different from the mountains.

I will probably fail to give you a picture of the wonder, for I know that no one ever was able to get me to realize just what they were talking about. In the first place it is used for a bridge, but it is not a bridge, it is a portal. It is true that a pike crosses it and to that extent it is a bridge but the very first two persons I mentioned the natural bridge to when I got home said that while they had crossed the bridge they had never seen it. Does this not prove the point. Imagine if you can a person crossing a bridge in the daytime and not seeing it. A bridge is a misnomer. Another thing that might have been mentioned by the witness to convey some idea was something that they never thought of mentioning or for as I have read, and which might have given me some idea of what I went there for to see, and that is that it is limestone, and of pure lime stone formation, and while it may take some thousands of years, yet it is even now disintegrating, and they tell me that they have to go over the walls carefully from time to time to make them safe.

Now if this great structure is a portal or door way, the question arises to what? And that is something they did not tell me. It is to be a great amphitheatre which appears to be about a mile in its greatest length and of an oval form. The Landscape Gardener scooped out such a place and at one end walled it in so that the stream falls over a declivity of some hundred feet or more, then meanders through the oval and issues at the great triumphal arch, such as might have been erected to mark the fall of Lucifer from Heaven.

I soon saw that the show was to walk through the doorway and follow the stream up to the falls and return. The amphitheatre is still in a state of nature. It contains our fifty-seven varieties of trees. A foot path and some rude bridges permit you to make the trip with no more fatigue than an ordinary forest ramble. There is a saltwater cave at one place and at another place where you can glimpse an underground stream such as is common in limestone sections, you can hear the musical roar of its waters.

It is pleasant to see the untouched forest and great your old friends. They are all there from the Blue Beech to the Hemlock. But I wondered if the amphitheatre had been soddied over if it would not be more impressive than a forest that obscured the view. I wondered if all that dense growth of trees had not sprung up since the days when the fairies, elves, gnomes, and sprites danced and sang and shouted there. I most earnestly advise all persons to see that place at least once, and that they do not put it off until they have lost their power to wonder. That is the reason that I am talking such a prosaic vignette in this cold recital. It seems to me that if I had been younger I could have gone shouting through the pines until the attention of the police would have been attracted to me. As it was I could not forget the dollar I had parted with to get in. That is what it is to belong to the kindred of the dust.

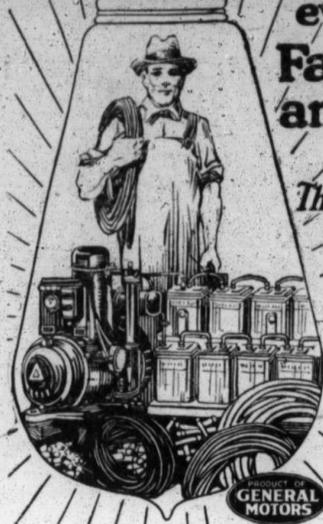
It is a question of whether one can throw a baseball or a her such object over the arch. Those I talked with seemed to be doubtful. We know that George Washington had at least two silver dollars in his time for he threw one across the Potomac River and the other over the Natural Bridge, and that was another thing that distracted my attention for I spent part of my time looking at the bridge and part of the time looking for that dollar. But that is not the only bridge money that has been lost there. Anyway it was not an American dollar for there was no American dollar in existence during the period of George Washington's life that his arm was in condition to throw. It might have been a Spanish dollar.

I did not try to throw a dollar over the bridge. They took it away from me at the entrance. I tried to find the place that George Washington climbed up to carve his name high above all other men, but could not identify it. I saw many other initials and some Ws among them but at no place that was difficult to reach. Some of these two hundred yard golf shooters could send a golf ball over the arch. The kind that shot a hundred yards up and a hundred yards down. I do not know what made me ponder on the question of removing the foliage of the trees from the vicinity of the bridge so that it might stand forth in all its majesty, unless it was the numerous signs and solemn warnings about stalling a single leaf from a tree. I would have them know that it is the last thing I would be prone to do—to cut brush on another man's land. But the moment you see that kind of a sign you begin to hanker for a leaf.

The time has come to ring down the curtain. There is enough left over to make another clock.

Poultry and Berry Farm for sale
20 acres 7 miles from Marlinton, 3 1/2 miles from Hillsboro. On state road Good 8 room plastered house, new cement cellar 18x22 with a building over it 22 feet square. One new W. Va. type modern poultry house 24x47, one 18x24, several smaller houses all A1 condition. 12 acre of strawberries, 1-4 acre of blackberries. Have sold over \$2,000 worth of eggs and poultry since January 1st. Incubator, 200 egg capacity, sold with farm if desired. Price right to quick buyer. Come and see or write for further particulars.
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Auction Sale

On Saturday, September 22, 1923, at the residence of the late Newton Friel, one mile from Fairview Church I will offer for sale the following property:

- 1 good milk cow, 1 calf steer, 50 chickens, 1 Singer sewing machine, 1 dining table, 2 wash stands, 2 tables, 3 bedsteads, 2 sets springs, 1 mowing machine, 1 level land plow, 1 single shovel, plow, 400 jars fruit, stoneware, 1 iron kettle, 1 copper kettle, 1 heating stove and pipe, some dishes, 1 lot potatoes, 1 lot garden truck, 2 lots in Marlinton, and many other things too numerous to mention.

Terms: All sums under five dollars cash, over that amount one year time with interest, note with good endorsers. Sale begins 1 p. m. promptly.

Mrs. Newton Friel.

Auction Sale

I will offer for sale at my residence near Huntersville, W. Va. on Saturday September 15, 1923, beginning at 1 o'clock the following personal property:

- 1 Hereford cow 5 years old, 2 sheeps, 1 garden plow, tables, boxes, and other tools, 1 hand cart, 1 vinegar barrel, 5 bushel potatoes, 1 organ and stool, 1 Kalamazoo range stove, 1 sewing machine, 6 chairs, 2 rockers, 2 bedsteads, 1 porch swing, 1 lot stone jars and stone churn, 1 lot glass fruit jars, 1 laundry stove with oil burner, 1 canthook

A lot of other things too numerous to mention

Terms: All sums under 15 dollars cash, over that 4 months time with note with good endorser.

O. P. McNeill

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Commissioners Notice

Dr. Geo. F. Hull assignee of T. D. Moyer & Co. vs. Mattie Gregory W. J. Gregory, Anna L. Simmons, J. C. Ashford and Willie Phillips and all other liens creditors of W. J. Gregory and Mattie Gregory.

All interested parties will please take notice that pursuant to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County entered on the 3rd day of April, 1923, in the above entitled cause I will proceed on Friday, September 7, 1923, at my office in the town of Marlinton, W. Va. to take, state and report to court the following matters of account referred to me in said decree.

1st. All the real estate owned by the judgment debtors W. J. Gregory and Mattie Gregory, where situated, its description and the quantity thereof.

2nd. The liens upon said real estate by whom, held their amounts and priorities.

3rd. Whether said real estate will rent in 5 years for a sufficient sum to pay off and discharge said liens and the costs of this suit.

4th. And such other matters as any party in interest may require, the same being pertinent, or such other matters as said commissioner himself may deem pertinent whether required or not.

N. C. McNeill, Commissioner.

To all persons holding liens by judgment or otherwise on the real estate or any part thereof of W. J. Gregory and Mattie Gregory.

In pursuance of decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, made in a cause therein pending to subject the real estate of the said W. J. Gregory, to the satisfaction of the liens thereon, you are hereby required to present all claims held by you and each of you against the said W. J. Gregory and Mattie Gregory which are liens against their real estate or any part of it for adjudication to me at my office in Marlinton in Pocahontas County, West Virginia, on or before the 7th day of September, 1923.

Given under my hand this 11th day of August 1923.

N. C. McNeill, Commissioner.

Pocahontas Junk Co.

Marlinton, W. Va.

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Marlinton, W. Va.

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ANDREW PRICE, Attorney-at-Law, Marlinton, W. Va.

W. A. BRATTON, Attorney-at-Law, Marlinton, W. Va. Prompt and careful attention given to all legal business.

N. C. McNEEL, Attorney-at-Law, Marlinton, W. Va. Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties, and in the Court of Appeals of the state of West Virginia.

L. M. McCLINTIC, Attorney-at-Law, Marlinton, W. Va. Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

P. T. WARD, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Marlinton, W. Va.

J. E. BUCKLEY, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Marlinton, W. Va. Prompt and careful attention given to all legal business.

Dr. E. G. HEROLD, DENTIST, MARLINTON, W. VA. Offices in Marlinton Electric Co. Bldg.

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